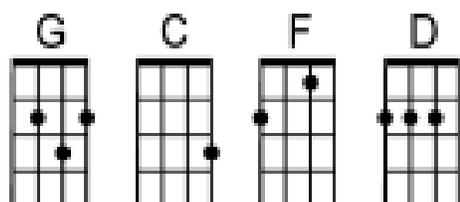


# Thank God I'm a Country Boy (Key of G)

by John Martin Sommers

11/9/23



(2/4 time)

Song notes: to play in original key (A) capo or tune up 2 half steps.

John Denver's version has the first verse as a tacet (no playing) with a 'stomp clap stomp clap' beat.

sing b)

|G . . . | . . . C |G . . . |F D  
Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back, ain't much an old country boy like me can't hack  
|G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
It's early to rise, early in the sack— thank God I'm a country boy

|G . . . | . . . C |G . . . |F D  
Well the simple kind of life never did me no harm, raisin' me a family and workin' on the farm  
|G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
My days are all filled with an easy country charm— thank God I'm a country boy

*Chorus:* |D . . . |G . . .  
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle  
|D . . . |G . . . |  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy

|G . . . | . . . C |G . . . |F D  
When the work's all done and the sun's settin' low, I pull out my fiddle and rosin up the bow  
|G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
The kids are a-sleep so I keep it kinda low— thank God I'm a country boy

|G . . . | . . . C |G . . . |F D  
I'd play "Sally Goodin" all day if I could but the Lord and my wife wouldn't take it very good  
|G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
So I fiddle when I can work when I should— thank God I'm a country boy

*Chorus:* |D . . . |G . . .  
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle  
|D . . . |G . . . |  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy, Wa-hoo!

*Instr:* G . . . | . . . C |G . . . |F D |G . . . | . . . C . . . |G D |G . . .

|G . | . C |G . |F D  
I wouldn't trade my life for diamonds or jewels, I never was one of those money hungry fools  
|G . | . C . |G D |G .  
I'd rather have my fiddle and my farmin' tools— thank God I'm a country boy

|G . | . C |G . |F D  
Yeah, cityfolk drivin' in a black lim-ou-sine, a lotta sad people think that's-a mighty keen  
|G . | . C . |G D |G .  
So let me tell you ex-act-ly what I mean— thank God I'm a country boy

*Chorus:* |D . |G .  
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle  
|D . |G . |  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
G . | . C . |G D |G .  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy, Yes sir!

|G . | . C |G . |F D  
My fiddle was my daddy's till the day he died, he took me by the hand, held me close to his side  
|G . | . C . |G D |G .  
Said, "Live a good life, play my fiddle with pride— and thank God you're a country boy

|G . | . C |  
Well, my daddy taught me young how to hunt and how to whittle  
G . |F D |  
Taught me how to work and play a tune on the fiddle  
G . | . C\ (hold) |G D |G .  
Taught me how to love and how to give just a little— thank God I'm a country boy

*Chorus:* |D . |G .  
Well, I got me a fine wife, I got my old fiddle  
|D . |G . |  
When the sun's comin' up I got cakes on the griddle  
G . | . C\ (hold) |G D |G .  
Life ain't nothin' but a funny, funny riddle— thank God I'm a country boy  
|G D |G\ D\ G\  
Yeah, thank God I'm a country boy!